
Title: Journal of Clainin

Author: Clainin.

(*Excerpted*)

What a day! My feet are
sore, my mana drained,
my temper frayed by
that batty old crone. I
am going to kill the
person who sent me to
her... slowly. She did
nothing but offer insult
to me, to the Guard, to
everything we did or said.
She made me, the Royal
Thaumaturgist of the
Court of Britannia, stand
barefoot in her hovel! I
will spend the next week
washing sand out of my
robes I am sure. I do not
like the desert. The
Commander of the Guard
can keep her adventures
in the future I am sure.
I definitely prefer my lab,
my comfortable rooms,
and my feet on a stool
by the fireplace in the
evenings.

I took the Royal Guard
to her in good faith. We
walked through the desert
to the hovel she calls a
house. A hot and dusty
trail it was, through the
desert infested with
strange beetles, which
clicked to each other
over some distance
warning of our approach.
I was told she would
demand a price for
translating Dupre's
Journal. The price was
unusual to say the least.
In all of what I have
read of these people,
more mysteries crop up

than answers to their strangeness. I wonder if those spirits in the home of the fan dancers were really her nephews? She sent us down there to free them somehow. When we spoke to them, these rather large demons appeared and wailed at us. They sounded like they were in so much pain. I did not have much time to attack them directly however, as the Guard had great difficulty slaying them. I spent my time bringing their spirits back to flesh and healing them with my magic.

After this of course, I gated them back to the crone. She once again greeted us with insults and insisted on her ridiculous traditions. I hope I never grow so crotchety when I get old. She looked taken aback to say the least, especially when one member of the Guard told her they were easily defeated! I could have laughed aloud and offered the young man a medal to be sure. I kept my composure however, and waited for her to say she would translate the journal.

She decided her price had not been high enough. I was outraged, but I managed to remain in control. Thank the Virtues that my Master taught me patience so well. We had to go to the Blighted Forest and kill the Kami of Drought that haunted it. I know little of spirits and other such mumbo jumbo, but I do know that creature was extremely challenging to

the Guard and I. We did
however manage to defeat
it with minimal losses.
Thank the Virtues the
Guard Commander has
been so diligent with
their training. They
worked very well together
after they sorted out
what was required.

When we returned to the
crone I was even more
outraged. She agreed to
translate the Journal,
which I was happy to
hand over to her. Then
she waved a hand and
dismissed us as if SHE
was some Queen! She has
no concept of rank or
position among our folk.
If it weren't so vital
that we get this
translated I really would
have continued looking for
someone else to help.

What a day! It is so
good to be home. I think
I might ring for another
cup of tea.